A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

Tuesday, February 4. 1706.

IN my laſt I enter'd upon the Diſcourſe of *Scotland* in general, and advanc'd the Notion of that Country, being generally little known, and much miſ-repreſented in *England*, and all this I center'd on one Head of Application, *Viz.* That *Scotland* is worth our uniting with.

I have ſtruggled hard, in four ſeveral Eſſays printed in *Scotland*, to remove radicated Prejudices in thoſe People, and to convince them, that *England* is worth their uniting with; not but that they will at leaſt moſt of them readily grant, that they ſhall get in their Trade by us, tho' ſome have told them the contrary of that too.

But this is not all, they have abundance of Fears and Jealouſies about us; ſome fear being enſlav'd to the *Engliſh* by the Superiority of our Repreſentatives and Nobility, and that we ſhould cruſh them by Acts of Parliament, after the Union is over, and thouſands of the meaner ignorant People are poſſeſs'd with this Fear.

Some are afraid of the Tyranny of the Church upon their Eccleſiaſtical Settlement, and the Invaſions of their religious Liberty.

And here let me obſerve, *Burnt Bairn Fire dreads*, ſays a *Scots* Proverb; you may ſee, Gentlemen, what the Reputation of *High-Flying* Tyranny, and of Church Encroachments has brought *England* to? *Viz.* To be ſuſpected of her Neighbours, not to be truſted, to have them afraid to commit themſelves to her, even upon the ſolemn Ties and Obligations of a Treaty.

A meaner Reputation no Nation can have than this, and whence comes it all but

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from your *Tackings*, your *Occasional-Bills*, and your frequent Attempts to restore Arbitrary Councils; this makes them fear, *least they should one Day fall by the Hands of this* Saul, least that despicable Party should revive, give another Turn to things their own Way, and unravel all this Clue of Liberty, the Nation has been so long a weaving———

I acknowledge, these Fears to me seem needless, and I firmly believe, the gasping Cause of Tyranny and *High-Flying* Principles so perfectly laid in the Grave, that it is out of all possible Danger of Resurrection, till the People become infatuate, and willing to lay down their Liberties, as a Sacrifice to that very Party, which they have so often oppos'd, and now at last so easily conquer'd.

But if any Man has a Mind to see it lock'd yet faster, if that be possible, and more effectually fixt down in the Dirt of its own inconsistent State— The Method is plain. Let them throw the Union upon the Grave of Tyranny, and it will be a Stone at the Mouth of the Cave, which all the human Devils, that ever did or ever shall espouse that Cause, shall never be able to rowl away.

A Union with *Scotland* will most effectually shut all the back Doors of Tyranny, and fore-close the Party, that struggle for it; so as they shall never be able to reverse the Decree of their entire Destruction.

And why else do they struggle so hard against it? Why labour, contrive, raise Scandals here and Tumults there? Why affront their Governours, lampoon their Magistrates, insult the QUEEN in the Person of the High-Commissioner, and by all possible Methods labour to debauch the People's Principles; frighting some, wheedling others, and amusing all? What is the Reason of all this Fategue and Hurry, they put themselves to, and all the Expences they are at about it.

'Tis plain, 'tis their Destruction if it goes on.

All their Hopes, their Party, their Interest, and Friends are undone, if it goes forward: This is the last Card they have to play for their whole Game; the only Stroak they have to strike for the Life of their Cause.

And no wonder they play desperate! No wonder every Man, that opposes them, is ill treated by them from the QUEEN's Majesty Her self in his Grace the Commissioner, to the mean despicable Writer of this Paper.

Stabbing, Pistoling, Mobbing, Stoneing are some of the least Insults, His Grace has met with in the steady, unshaken Zeal, he has shown in the Prosecution of this Cause: But Truth supports all the World; and all these with many more, the Particulars of which I shall have a better Opportunity to enlarge upon, and do His Grace more Justice than I can do here, have not been able to move his Grace a Step out of the Way of his Duty to his Country, or from pursuing the Good and Advantage of the present Affair in all its Steps, in all its needful Advances.

If any Man think, it has not been attended with Difficulties not a few; if any Man think, it has been a small Matter to go thro' all these furious Attacks of an enrag'd Multitude, to stand unshaken with a Force too small to mention against; the Threatnings, the Humours, the Insults of the Party boasting every day of their Numbers, their thousands, and who perhaps had been so too, if more Management than ordinary had not been us'd with them.

If any Man, I say, is so weak to imagine, this has been carry'd thro' without any Difficulty, let him have Patience till a more particular Account of these Affairs shall see the Light; and he will confess, that this Union has been a Time of Wonders, a Work of inimitable Conduct, and Time to come will take a great Deal of Pleasure to revise the Method, *as they will profit in enjoying the Advantages of* its being brought to pass.

As to the meaner Share, the Author of this has had, either in the general Affair without Doors, or in the Fate threatned in the Consequences. How pointed out for Destruction? how his Lodgings mark'd for Direction of the Rabble? How watch'd in and out from place to place, set and be-set for Murther and Mischief; and how by the distinguish'd Protection of Providence, yet preserv'd

serv'd to give the World this Account, and he hopes for doing yet farther Service in it; these are things too mean to come into the Story, and he leaves them as Trifles worth no Body's Notice, but his own?

MISCELLANEA.

THE *Scots* Dialogue draws near a Point, and the Mask thrown off, you will see, the honest *Cameronian* quits the projected Mischief, and goes home again, and so the Rebellion in *Scotland* drops with its Author.

Pref. In our last Discourse, I put a Mystery to you; what do you say to it? The Question was, how You and the Men in your Interest come to stand up for the Interest of the Church of *Scotland*?

Jac. We are for uniting together against the Encroachments of *England* upon us as a Nation.

Pref. That cannot be with a Design to do us any Service; as a Church, it must relate to something beyond it—It must have an Eye to *French* Power, *French* Religion, Popery or Prelacy; and any of these things will be so fatal to *Scotland*, that we can never stand upon the same Bottom.

Jac. Can you not adjourn these things, till you get quit of this Assault now made on your Liberty, and let us adjust these things, afterward we will come to an Equivalent there too?

Pref. No, that will never do, I must have my Reason satisfy'd on one hand, and my Conscience on the other, before I can join in any Attempt of this Nature; and as for your Equivalent, I can see no possible Equivalent, your Party can give us.

Jac. Why so.

Pref. What Equivalent can you give us for Popery? We can come to no Medium, our Covenant is directly against Popery, we are sworn to have no Fellowship or Union with you on any Terms, unless you will come in, renounce the Pope and all his Superstition. Come, Friend, will you take the Covenant.

Jac. Let's talk of that another Time, perhaps with a few Explanations and some Amendments we may; but that's out of Doors long ago, you have broken it your selves.

Pref. You cannot make that appear.

Jac. Yes, you did; for in the Covenant you profess and swear Loyalty and Obedience to the King and Government, and some of you to this day refuse your Obedience to him, and others took up Arms against him at *Pentland* Hills, and *Bothwell* Bridge.

Pref. Why do you press me to joyn with you in Arms against the QUEEN and Parliament, and yet tell me, that taking up Arms against the King in those Days was breaking the Covenant: I find, you are drawing me in to break the Covenant, fare you well, I have done with you; Sir, I see your Design, 'tis all for Popery and King *James*, and we have had enough of that, I'll talk no more with you, go to *Edinburgh* by your selves, if you please, I shall not meddle in the Matter.

WHereas a malicious Report has been spread about, that the Author of the REVIEW *being in* Scotland, *the* REVIEW *is not perform'd by the same Person, as usual—Which Report is carefully handed about to lessen the Reputation and Value of the said Paper.*

This is, First, *to assure the World, that no Person whatever has or ever had any Concern in writing the said Paper Entitled the* REVIEW, *than the known Author* D. F.—— *That wherever the Author may be, the Papers are wrote with his own Hand, and the Originals may be seen at the Printers.*

Secondly, *the Judgment of the Gentlemen, that spread this Report, must be very good; that can neither guess at the Stile, nor guess by the Story or Manner of it both, whether it be the Author's, and where the Author is.*

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